DINING AT A CHOP HOUSE, Mr. Baulel Dontgivadam Quotes Poetry and Lupses late Verse.

At about 6 o'clock the other evening THE Sun's reporter, on his way up town, stopped at he Fifth Avenue Hotel. It was swarming with politicians on their way to Washington; with solid men whom they were delighted to meet, and with other persons, less substantial, who were delighted to have met them. But, sitting where the reporter had first found him, at the side of the entrance hall, was no less respeciable a gentleman than Mr. Daniel Dontgivadam. Mr. Robert Budge had again got away from Boston, and was with him. THE SUNN reporter was preoccupied in his mind, and would have passed his friends without being sware of their presence had not Mr. Budge

started up and hailed him.
"The long weeks have lingered," Mr. Budge neserted, "since last we did part. The old man and I are going out to dinner. Won't you come along ?"

'I should smile," was the Sun man's enrightly response, after a moment's graceful hesitation. "Where are you going?" We haven't made up our minds yet," re-

plied Mr. Budge. "Where's a good place?" "I know of one," was the answer. "Will you come with mo?"

Mr. Budge turned to his friend for his sentiments, and Mr. Dontgivadam podded assent and rose. They crossed Madison square and look a Fourth avenue car, in which they rode some distance and then got out and proceeded foot around several corners, and further up lown until they came to a two-story house, with afless vines trained over its from t, which their guide pronounced to be the place. Pushing cien the outside door, he led the war into a small entry, from which another door opposite a coat of arms carved and gilded upon the wall pnened into a low-studded apartment of modgrate size. Its ceiling and walls had long ago on decorated with paper of a striking design. get some of the poison out of his system." which age, tobacco smoke, and weather stains great number of pictures, some of them very entertaining, and varied enough to include colored

prints of English tox hunts, character sketches,

nil paintings, and woodcuts from illustrated

papers.
Set into, or rather through, the wall was the har a little can having at its back one of those machines which spout different kinds of beer when you pull the handles, and all around were shelves holding quiet-looking bottles. Out it the main room, which was warmed by fires in two grates, were a number of black, shiny tables, at one of which the reporter and his friends, having laid aside their overcoats and hats, sat down and ordered dinner. Presently it was brought in, to each man a tray, with and various vegetables upon it, each in a small dish by itself. It was a repast the mere contemplation of which brought tears to the eyes of Mr. Budge, whose appetite was sharp; and when a small boy in Knickerbockers and red stockings brought three several pints of English ale in silver mugs the feelings of the Bostonian nearly overpowered him, and it was in a choky voice that he inquired of THE SUN's rep-

resentative:
"Between friends, would you mind letting on what humane society runs this place?" He was assured that rare perfection like that

around him was only attained by private enterprise, and by the personal supervision of the proprietor, who was beaming at him from be-hind the bar. Indeed, their dinner was so entirely satisfactory to all three gentlemen that they were con out for a time to discuss it to the exclusion of other matters. But it came to an end in time; the trays were removed, the pint mugs refilled, and Mr. Budge looked about him

"Well, Bobert," said his friend, as he lighted a cigar, " what's the matter now? What grieves you, my child?"

Oh, it's my infernal cart," the Bostonian repiled impatiently. "You see, a while ago I sent it to be repainted; and I thought the effect would be dazzing if I had the wheels done in capary and the body in claret. So I ordered it so, and it did dazzie. When I got it back it was so fine that it took most of one morning to get the horse between the shafts and reconciled with the machine behind him. I wasn't going be too sudden about having it out myself, so I said to Mullins, my groom, 'I've got business in New York to-night, and I may stay a day or two, and I want you to have the horse out for exercise in the cart every morning, rain or shine, till I get back.' I thought if we had a few days of wet weather and mud, some of the thine might get taken off those wheels, so that the does wouldn't bark at them. But there nasn't been a wet day since I have been here. Don't you call that hard luck ?"

The philosopher admitted that it seemed a pretty severe dispensation.

'Bead!" continued Mr. Budge, "lt's more work-it exhausts more tissues and empties more brain cells-to keep a respectable dogcart on the road than to manage an orphan asylum No doubt," put in THE SUN's representative: burthes it brings you in more glory."

"Yes," he answered, "but sometimes I doubt If giory is very filling at the price. Come nowdon't go to sleep!" he added, turning to the philosopher. "What do you think of giory?" Mr. Dontgivndam replied by quoting Praed's

I think the thine you call Renowa, The bisabstantial vapor For which for soldier harris a town, The somether a tiper. Is the the sold which as he flex. The borse man haves behind him. He cannot mark its wreaths arise; Or, it he does, they blind him.

"Well," said Mr. Budge, "that leaves Fame without a leg to stand on ; that's clear. You look for something more substantial, I suppose. Do you want to get rich ?"

And for a good old-gentlemanly vice I think I might take up with avarice," the philosopher returned. From which I infer that you consider it

unfit to be the stay of your earlier years. Why fon't you go into a retreat, and learn everything. 'Of making many books,'" he quoted,

"there is no end; and much study is a weari-

'A true bill!" responded the questioner, "but I didn't look for it from you. So you couldn't sonsent to exist for fame or money or books? What is the lure that keeps you hanging around the sphere in this casual way?"

Mr. Dontgivadam puffed a moment at his cigar, looked at Mr. Budge, winked at him graveby and repeated-from Prued again:

I think the world, though dark it be, Has aye one rapiturous pleasure Concealed in the minimony. For those who seek the treasure; One please the atories night. One the seem of a brief; One the seem of a brief; One treated not quite a hypocrite; One woman not a list.

"That's reasoning," said Mr. Budge, "and

how complimentary to the sex. I don't see, though, that you 'seek the treasure' as ardently Me you might." They also serve who only stand and wait," the

philosopher returned. "Are you scholar enough, Robert, to understand that Latin yonder?" He hodded as he spoke toward the legend which bung in glorious emblazonment above the bar. Mr. Budge looked up and read the words, Festing Lente. On, yes," he said, "I know what that means,

I masted it in my hat once when I was entered for a foot race, but one of my backers saw it and lore it out, and stuck in 'Go it, you eripple!' in

At this reminiscence ther all chuckled, and the philosopher admitted that for a man already entored in his race the latter motto seemed the one more fit; but he was willing to hazard the opinion that, in the arrangement of the preliminaries, haste made slowly was the true

The young dogs," he said, " tire themselves out following up a false scent, and it is the su-berfor discornment of the old hound that brings film in at the death. Dear! how many false scents some pupe do strike and follow before ther learn discrimination and get after a real fox: But you can't tell them snything; and if they are kept in the kennel they never can learn

"Uan it be," ead Mr. Budge locusely to the

reporter," that the old man has been down on Long Island chasing anise-seed bags with the Angio-Americans? I met one of those lads the other day, who belonged to any number of 'Hunts' and told me all about the sport. He had been a wretched exile from this land of freedom for most of his life, 'coming out,' as he expressed it, in December for a couple of months, and spending the balance of the year in Britain and France. When he came out for good, he brought with him a decided aptitude for the chase and an extensive vocabulary of sporting terms, of which he made expert use. I was much impressed by his description of the horrors of a drag hunt, you know, over a very stiff bit of timber country' down on Long Island. How they got the drag through the timber was what puzzled me, until it transpired

that 'timber' meant fences, and the drag was "You never were a real sport yourself. I take it, Mr. Budge," said the reporter.
"No," was the reply; "but I have leanings that way. I admit I would not mind riding

through a few fences, now and then, to stir my sluggish blood. Would it suit you?" "Oh, yes; I think it must be sport, if you don't happen to own the horse you ride; but they wouldn't let in criminals like us, unless

we got taken up."
"Taken up?" said the Bostonian. "How?" Why, by the first families; but you may be a swell at home. Are you?"

"Of course; and the old man knows the hightoned people down here. There'll be no trouble about it, will there?" he said, looking up at his friend, and then added, in an undertone;

"There, he's off again!"

For the philosopher, heedless of his companions, was looking deep into the fire that burned in the grate opposite him, and avidently brooded oversomething quite foreign to the current talk. Presently be took out a pencil and began writing on the back of a letter.
"Let him alone," said Mr. Budge; "he may

He wrote and stopped, and wrote again; and had completely substued. On the walls hung a Mr. Budge and the reporter drank their beer, until finally he sighed contentedly, as if his mind was relieved, put the pencil in his pocket, and was about to do the same with the paper

when Mr Budge interposed: "I'll take that," he said, "if you please;" and he got it, and while the philosopher relighted his eigar, which had lost its fire, Mr. Budge read to THE SUN's reporter these verses:

I think that sun snipe dries the dew: That sparkling wines grow vapid; And walking matches are not to The prematurely rapid. I think that early worms get caught.

Indeed, I think of plenty Of reasons why a person ought To say " Pestina Lente!" I think a saw which is of use To simplify a puzzle,

May figure as a fit excuse To gormandize and guzzle.

And that who corpus amost would Unite with sans mente With some discrimination should Exclaim, "Festina Lente!

Wise virgins while it still is light Provide themselves with candles: The Spartans fixed before the fight Their hair, and laced their sandals: And you, who facing time with dread, Shrink back at five-and-twenty,

Don't try to see so far ahead

But just Festina Lentel Beer on the poet !" promptly exclaimed Mr. Budge; and the philosopher laughed and called for it; and when it was consumed they departed.

From the Uses Cherrer.

You ask me if I think a wolly man can be built up Christ-like, on nature's plan. Well, nature's plan is too'le and so, why not! I knew one once that answered just my thought.

He preached to spirits buried in percition; fixed works, good life, and love his a-tmonition; Exhorted stomaches grawed by griny starvation, Bread, meat, and drink, and joy his exhortation. He same to naked feet, and hands, and limbs; Coats, mittens, shows, and trousers were his hymn, Builded hearts and he sins that ached with chidin Example, truth, and courage were his guiding.

In couchiess homes and emoty fuel sheds Hisritinal was wood, and quilts, and leds; And from the sice, the helpless and distressed, Responsive health and comfort made him blest. The prayer he prayed, men pray not over-much, For Mammon descrit deur to answer such; He prayed it in a cabin, low and rude. Where forms were hungry, cold, and almost nude,

Where sliken saints had often been before, And prayed advice and censure through the door, But at a thous detance, safety wid?, They prayed while passing by on Vother side, Prayers solemn, wordy, faultless in their frame;

But my saint, on near shoulders, lean and bare, Frayed down a good, thick, warm, red-flannel

"When all my Pather's jewels shall be named Of such a one I will not be ashamed, For, fighting off the field of poverty From one poor wretch, he did it unto Me." Had he a faith? Well, I should judge he had;

And not of some godly man, and nature's too,
And God's, and thrist's. So let it be with you,
And ine, and ours, and all humanity;
Of such God's kingdom is, and is to be.
GRONGE ADAMS.

The Fame of the City. From Hurper's Montaine.

A greatrich city of power and profe.
With streets full of traders, and ships on the tide:
With rich men and workmen, and judges and preachers.
The shops full of skill, and the schools full of teachers. The people were proud of their opulent town;
The rich in a spent millions to bring it renown;
The strong men built and the tradesuren planned,
The shipmen sailed to every land;
The lawyers argued the trache a taught,
And a poor sky toet his verses throught,
And cast them into the splendid store.

The tradesmen stared at his useless craft, The rich mon sneered, and the strong men laughed;
The preschers said it was worthless quite.
The schooling is claimed it was theirs to write.
But the sense were spared, though they added naught
To the profit and prince the propile sought.
That was walled at last from distant claimes.
And the townsiens and. "To remote at limes
We shall send our name and our greatness down."

The boast came true: but the famous town Hall a lesson to learn when all was told. The nations that henored cared naucht for its gold, its skill they exceeded a bundredfield; it had only here new or a thorsand more Had the some of the poet been lost to its store.

Then the rich men and tradesmen and schoolmen said. They had hever derided, but praised instead, and they boast of the poet their town has bred. JOHN BOTLE O'REILLY

The Spirit of the Age. In its mad, easer search for the real, The age uses feet and not wings. Does it too roughly treat the ideal-Does it shatter too many dear things? Are our idels all broken and battered?

Are there ruins of faiths on each hand?

Yet precious the seed that is scattered When harvest shall whiten the land. Though we worship no more in their fashion, Or walk where our fathers have trod, We are fuller of love and compassion, And so we are nearer to God.

We have taken the crown from the splendid But bloodthirsty warrior of old, To the tunker, untrammelled and bold.

The age turns aside from old byways We were taught to revere in our youth, And finds the new beautiful highways Lying bathed in the sunlight of truth, Should we weep if some does are shattered. Some blossoms tred down by the way,

Since the seed that is ever, where scattered Must yield a great harvest some day? ELLA WHERLER

Poss the Louine World.
The antimin woods are gold and brown,
The antimin woods are gold and brown,
The antimin woods are citil.
And the purple flish of summer
Has taded from the hit.
O antimin leaves, fall thick and fast;
O antimin words, those free,
And speed the bitter months along
That keep my love from the.

The trees are bleak and bare; the lake With creaty front is duried.
And the white sleep of the winter
Has also not the world.
C winter sun in winter asy.
And haste to drown the stoomy days
That hade my love from me.

The asphodel and violet
Are pressing through the plain,
And the farms of golden crocus
Has lit the land again.
O but and blossom, quicken fast,
Hedeck the barren tree,
And brine the spring for with the apring
My love comes back to me.

THE MAN OF THE WORLD AND THE WORLD'S MAN.

At the Lotes Club; A Literary Lady. He was a gentleman of the first waterthat is to say, first water, and then a cocktail. Real gentlemen are prone to take the cocktail last, because when they consume spirits they do so for their own diversion, and like to remember it as long as they can. But snobs commonly take the water last, since they often drink for the gratification of their friends, because they dare not decline, and they like to get the taste off their mouths. He was a literary gentleman, too, and being

of the first water, as demonstrated, of course be worked for the World. He was addicted to the use of kid gloves, and wore pointed shoes, with variegated upper parts. His waistcoat was speckled with bright-colored silk spots; his trousers were of a costly fabric, in blue stripes, of British manufacture, and he wore them habitually to kettledrums. He was at the Lotos Club reception. THE SUN reporter, who had been investigating some recent Italian carving in a tenement house in Mulberry street, was on his way up town, and remarking, as he passed, the agitated appearance of the Lotos Club, he stopped to see what was going on. He knew the man at the door, and was let in. There was no one else of his acquaintance present, except Gen. Grant. Mayor Cooper, a policeman, and therebresentative of the World referred to, who, in company with a pretty young woman in and endeavoring to prevent his lovely com-panion from having any ideas of her own about He seemed to be having good success. The elderly lady of imposing appearance bore down upon them, smiled severe dismissal on the World's man, and said: "Come, my daughter!" Then THE SUN's reporter, who had been talking by turns to Gen. Grant, the man at the door, and the policeman, approached the lingering

beau and addressed him.
"Good day," we said. "How's the Employment office? That was a pretty girl; was she looking for a situation?"
"No," was the reply, "but I am."

You? Why, so is Gen. Grant. You ought to advertise for him, by the way: 'Objections the country, but the best of references.' I suppose he could get Judge Dittenhoefer and Parson Newman, couldn't he? Merciful heavens!" we continued, observing the gorgeous raiment of a lady near them, "what clothes! Where does the money come from? Now, can you carry the details of attree like that in your head, or do you have to take notes?" you carry the details of attire like that in your head, or do you have to take notes?"

Oh, hang this newspaper business, anyhow," said the World's man, suddenly ducking his head and smining benignly at a passing acquainfance; "if I had anything else to tarn to I would be out of it so fast that you could play cards on my coatstalls. Wouldn't you?"

"Certainly not," replied the other, standing on tiploe and stretching his neck to see who was talking to Gen, Grant; "it's great sport,"
"Are you going to do it all your life?"
"No, I suppose not. I expect to be President of the United States in about thirty vears. Don't

of the United States in about thirty years. Don't "Of course; but I doubt if the ladder of jour-"Of course; but I could it the ladder of counts natism is the one I shall finally elect to climb. You see the hungry horde who started absad of you have left so much mud on the lower rounds that there is no getting up with clean hands."

"Well, mud is rather wholesome sometimes."

"Well, mud is rather wholesome sometimes."

retiled The Sun's man. "They say it's good for bee stings. It doesn't stain; you can wash it off, and one of the superfluous starch goes with it."

with it."
"That may be so," said the other: "it sounds That may be so, said the construction beautifully philosophical, but all the same I get a joe once in a while that is a dose. I have just got through one that would have been great sport if there had been any one but the mourners to stopy it. Here is the last thing they gave me to do."

As he spoke he took out of the pocket of his As he spoke he took out of the pocket of his spangled vest a small slip of paper, which he handed to his companion. This SUN's representative read it. It was an advertisement to the effect that special letters, es-ays, reports, and sketches were prepared and manuscripts revised to order by "a lady of literary reputation," whose address had been appended, but was scratched out. "Ahal" exclaimed The SUN's reporter, smilling blandir, "I seem to think I have been there. Well, did you work it up?"
"I did," said the World's man, sighing; "I got it down fine, I'll tell you about it. Of

sentiative road it. If was an advertisement to the offert that special betters, essuary protect of our 10% of the offert that special betters, essuary protect of our 10% of the offert that special betters, essuary protect of our 10% of the or a large of the offert that special better, essuary protect of our 10% of the or a large of the or a large of the or an expectation. The or all the or an expectation of the or a large of the or an expectation of the or and the or an expectation of the or

"The literary person herself was a little woman dressed to black settin, a little tarnished, R seemed to be—with hair, streaked with gray, parted smoothly and arranged with tolerable neatness. Her face was plain, but frank in its expression. As I took my seat she closed the door leading into her living room.

No, not a love letter this time. I said to myself, and aloud, as she sat down to her desk. Madam, I believe you revise manuscripts, do you not?

you not?

"She said she did; that she read manuscript, revised, corrected, and rewrote it when necessary, and prepared it for publication.

"At this I took out my literary property, casually producing at the same time a reporter's note book, eight inches long, in a green cover, which I replaced promptly and with some confusion.

and It aid her in cash upon the spot. She said she hoped I would bring her something else, and I thanked her and got away." The World's man drew a fine cambric hand-kerchief of great size out of his pocket, and blew his nose.

lew his nose.
"What is her name?" we inquired.
"Lilon't know," replied the other; "I didn't

"I don't know," repiled the other; "I didn't nak,"

"Why not?"

"Well, I suppose I didn't want to know."

"Where does she live?"

"I never will teil," said the World's man decisively. "There must be honor among literary people and thieves. If we go to giving one another away we'll all get abolished together."

At this we smiled so merrily that the policeman looked in at the door.

"Halloo," we said when our paroxysm of glee was over. "they're going to pass around the hat for Gen. Grant, I guess it's time to be going. Have they printed that story yet?"

"No," absently returned the World's man, whose eyes were wandering about after the pretty gir!.

Then The Sux's reporter buttoned up his

presty girl.

Then THE SUN'S reporter buttoned up his coat and silently stole away, just stopping a moment to converse with the man at the door. And very shortly he was at his deak writing it all down; and his hat was before him, and in it was pasted a slip of paper which bore the printed legend, "Great is the Fourth Estate!"

CHASING A \$5,000 DOG. Napoleon Hecksher's Race After a Pointer-An Early Morning Scene.

Among other gentlemen boarding with Mr. Horace B. Tuthill in New Suffolk, during the field trials of dogs on Robin's Island, last week, Mr. John G. Hecksher of New York made the time pass pleasantly by relating fashionable clothes, was looking at a picture, | many interesting anecdotes connected with sporting life. Leaning back in his chair, his black cutaway hunting cont buttoned at the top close to his short, strong neck, his buff vest young woman beamed at him, and the picture and knee breeches fitting snugly to his well-had become an unconsidered trifle, when an rounded form, his large head, strong face, rather prominent nose, and lock of hair falling over his forehead, gave him such a strong resemblance to the prints of Bonaparteso common years ago that several sportsmen called attention to the fact and named him Napoleon

of the chase.

Among the dogs in charge of handlers at the house, Croxteth, belonging to Mr. A. E. Godef-froy, was watched with zealous care, Croxteth won his trial heat in superb style, giving promise of winning the coveted first prize in the All-Aged Stakes. Croxteth is a large, clearcut, and very valuable pointer. After the dog had won his first heat, Mr. Godeffroy returned to the city for the purpose of operating in the street. On departing he had strictly enjoined his trainer and requested his friends to keep their eyes on Croxteth, and not permit him to

go out of their sight for a second.

Before the first rays of the sun which flashed over Montauk Point the next morning had fully lighted up Peconic Bay, the Napoleon of the chase bounded from his couch and passed chase bounded from his couch and passed through the large front room where Croxtoth was apparently sleeping behind the stove. Napoleon opened the door to see if the weather gave promise of a fine day.

As the lock snapped, Croxteth straightened himself out, arose to his feet, and noiselessly took a position behind Napoleon. When Napeleon put his head outside the door, Croxteth pushed his head and shoulders through rubbing his sides against Napoleon's legs. Napoleon looked down and saw the dog half way out. He tried to put the dog hars and close the door, but the dog was too quick for him.

Croxteth walked slowly to the end of the long, slipperv pinza, on which the rain had frozen. He turned his nose to the road, sniffing the morning air.

He turned his hose to morning air.

Napoleon called gently and kindly: "Here, Croxy, old boy, come in."

Croxieth didn't budge. He simply tossed his nose higher in the air, sniffing more vigornose higher in the air, sniffing more vigor-ously than at first.
"Good old Croxy," continued Napoleon, in

ously than a: first,

"Good old Crexy," confinued Napoleon, in
mild tenes, "come in, old fellow and warm
worrest," A bitter northwest wind was blowing through the door, causing Napoleon to
shiver in his stockings and drawers.

Instead of coming in, Createth bounded into
the road, placed his nose to the ground and
started off on a trot.

"Great guns," shouted Napoleon, "there
goes a five thousand dolar dog and I'm in my
stocking feet."

Then totok a dozen hasty steps across the
plazza, yelling, "Createth Createth, hang you,
onne back—back, I say!"

The yells only accelerated Createth's speed,
the disappeared around a bend in the road
toward Fecoric Bay, a quarter of a mile away.

Napoleon entered the house shouting at the
top of his voice, "Men, men, where are the
men?" He hoped that the trainers would hear
him and rush to the rescue. The trainers had
gone up to McNish'stavern for a morning drink.

Napoleon was nearly distracted. Rushing
into his bedroom, he reappeared in three secports dramed to his stockings in an ulster. He

The same man has wound the big clocks in the towers of Trinity, St. Paul's, St. John's, and St. George's churches for the past eight years. He is beyond the middle age, but in vigorous health. An iron-gray beard flows down to the middle of his vest, and kindly blue eyes ook at you from under his heavy eyebrows He is William S. Sperry of 25 Murray street, There have been as great improvements made in church or tower clocks in the past few

ally provided at the same time a reportor's note book, sucht inches four, in a greed my control of the control

THE JEWISH SABBATH.

Supper and Minner with a Jewish Family-Coremonles and Incidental

A conceter of THE SHY was talking with a well-known Jewish merchant, at his house, on Friday afternoon, at about dusk, when in the middle of the conversation the window panes rattled, and the boom of the sunset gun was heard in the distance. Excusing himself for a minute, the gentleman rang a bell at his side, and to a neat-looking servant who answered the summons, remarked: "Come, Kitty, my girl, lay the tablecloth; it is Shobbas." girl returned almost immediately and spread a spotless cloth on the parlor table, upon which she then laid two loaves of bread and covered them with a napkin, "That's our preparation for Sabbath," he

said. "You know with us it begins at sunset on Friday and lasts till sunset on Saturday." "But why the tablecloth and the two loaves?"

large silver candlesticks containing wax candies, which she lighted and placed on the table, at the same time uttering a silent prayer. "These are what we call our Sabbath lights," said Mr. Z., "and the lighting of them is called 'making Sabbath in,' and now we will say our trayers." Before beginning service, however, Mr. Z. sent up stairs for his son and his little daughter, who came in to join in the ceremony, The son entered with his hat on, and handed his father and the writer their hats. Mr. Z. passed the writer a prayer book, printed on one side in Hebrew and on the other in English, and said. "We read in Hebrew, but you can read the English translation."

Sitting round the table, the party proceeded to read the Sabbath evening service. Mr. Z. read aloud in a pleasant voice, and the responses were made by the other members of the family. The trayers were short, and had reference principally to the observance of Sabbath in the olden days, with frequent injunctions to keep it holy. The reading occupied less than half an hour, and at its close Mr. Z. kissed his wife on the forchead and bade her "Good Sabbath." Ho then blessed his two chidren, and bade them "Good Sabbath," and they baying, in turn, exchanged the same greeting with their mother, the bell was rung, and Kitty was told to bring in supper.

The table being laid, the male members of the party once more put on their hats, while Mr. Z. pronounced in Hebrew the Sabbath benediction, which he called "making Kiddush." The benediction uttered, he poured out a giass of sherry, and, having tasted it himself, passed it to his wife, who in turn handed it to the writer, every one at the table taking a sp of it. Next

sherry, and, having tasted it bimself, passed it to his wife, who in turn handed it to the writer, every one at the table taking a sip of it. Next he cut a piece of one of the two loaves hidden under the napkin, and broke it into free small pieces, over which he sprinkled a little sait. The bread and sait was passed round, and every one at the table nie some. Then, the gentlemen having removed their hats, supper began. The fare was plain, but excellent and typically Jewish. It consisted of fish fried in oil, and cold stewed fish, with a thick sauce; cold roast chicken and said, and some excellent Dutch cheese. Olives and sait-water pickles were the only side dishes, and the reporter was told by his host that they are favorite relishes with the Jews, particularly with those of German birth. Everyborts are heartily and the

to the writer that the whispered consultation was for the purpose of informing the minister how much each person desired to "offer" to the congregation in return for the honor of "being called up to the law."

After the scroll had been returned to its resting place a very short and pale young gentleman ascended the pulpit and preached a very commonplace sermon, to which the congregation paid very little attention, many of them reading their Bibles during its delivery. After the sermon there were more prayers and retion paid very little attention, many of them reading their Bibles during its delivery. After the sermon there were more prayers and a hymn, in which everybody, even the little boys, joined vigorously, and—the service was over.

Mr. Z. and several other gentlemen went up and shows hands with the ministers, and bade them "Good Sabbath," and nearly every one, on leaving the synangigue, turned round and bowed profoundly toward the ark.

The writer walked home with Mr. Z. and his family, and, on entering the parlor, found the table laid for dinner. This proved to be a very important affair. When all were seated the servant brought the gentlemen their hats, which they put on, and Mr. Z. pronounced a Hebrew behadiction over the bread, and, as on the previous evening, broke off a piece and sprinkled it with sait, everybody present eating of it. Dinner was then served. It consisted of a tomate soup, broided saimon, lamb cutlets, roust chicken, and vegetables of numerous kinds. The wines were excellent and the pastry was worthy of Delmonico. Mr. Z. assured his guest, however, that everything had been prepared according to the Jewish dietary laws. The lamb whose cutlets had formed the entire had been killed by a shocket, or ecclesiastical butcher, the chicken had had its throat cut in the orthodox way, and the pastry had been made without butter, as Jows do not eat meat and milk together. mails without butter, as Jews do not eat meat and milk together.

After dinner the centlemen again put on their hats, and grace was said by Mr. Z. as on the night before. The afternoon was passed in such pleasant conversation that the writer hardly missed his customary post-prandial cigar. The hours passed rapidly, and in what seemed an incredibly short space of time the boom of the sunset gun was heard again. Mr. Z. turned to his guest and, taking out his watch, said, "Now for the closing act."

The gentlemen put on their hats, and Mrs. Z. lighting a wax taper and putting a silver cup filled with wine on the table, all gathered around the board. The little daughter of Mr. Z. held the burning taper, while her father recited a prayer and chanted a hymn, at the close of which the taper was plunged into the cup of wine, and, removing his hat, Mr. Z. said, "Sabbath is out."

The End of a Honeymoon.

The End of a Honeymoon.

Mr. Charles S. Van Buskirk of Bayonne, N. J., voins real state dealer in Laiswette and Miss Carrie line, the daughter of Mr. John White. He florist in on manifesta wavening Jersey City, were married on the bit of last separated by Jersey Liv, were married on the bit of last separated Tanks, while hay there was a disting between them, and saw went liome to her mother also be a made as warrant from Justice last here is the cover certain brids presents beforeing to be which were in her husband's presents beforeing to be which were in her husband's presents beforeing the same of the presents were from from dealer in the will whom his wife was not acquainted, and he emails them.

JUNE 26, 1878. From Harper's Magazine.

Hers all that the could primine or bestow.
Youth beauty love a grown, the becausing years;
Lists to be pairled with any wild your lears;
A life manifed with any wilder wee.
And by a nation swelled to brither flow;
What include place, we thought, for doubts or fears
Wheth a white awan, she swam along the cheers
of the Alexandric to brief mouths ago! Of the Alexa but free brief months ago!
The carino shouted bymoneals then
That on her bardiday new decounce ber doom!
The same while steeds that isseed their sourn of men,
To day as houghly drug her to the touch!
Gettinges to thate! yet who dare real it blind
Who knows what like is, what our human kind!

JAMES ROSSILL LOWELL

THE EXPENSES OF PEDESTRIANISM. Furnishing a Small-sixed House and Running a Hestaurant, Among Other Things.

'How much am I out ?" If il figure up about \$2,000, won't it, Dan ?" 'I guess that's about it," O'Leary said, with

a forced laugh. O'Leary and his partner, Charles E. Davies. were condoling with each other while lounging in the office of Sweeny's Hotel yesterday. "Rowell would rather lose his right hand

than lose that belt, but I believe Dobler can get it," O'Leary continued. "He was tickled to death when we told him we wanted him to walk for it, and he isn't down-hearted now, although he didn't get anything." "It's all right when you win, but it isn't so pleasant when you come away with an empty pocketbook," Davies said. "It isn't generally

Feldy and last till sunes on Saturday."

"But why the tablesioth and the two loaves?"

"asked the reporter.

"The tablesioth is kept in use during these twenty-four hours," was the reply, "to distinguish this day from others; it is an old-fash-ioned custom among us. The two loaves are emblematic of the double portion of food which the Jews are supposed to indulge in one Sabab this, that being to them a day of joy and rest. You may remember to have read in the Bailett than the Jews are supposed to indulge in one Sabab this, that being to them a day of joy and rest. You may remember to have read in the Bailett than the Jews and known how the money goes. Take, for instance, this race. We engaged Dobier to walk

that you wouldn't imagine they could want."

What is their chief trouble?"

That's a secret we keep to ourselves. The men have their weak points, and we don't tell what they are."

"I know Weston's weak points," O'Leary interrupted, "and if I had him under my training I could make him do something bigger than anything that has been done yet."

"One trouble is to keep the mind occupied. What did you use to do, Dan?"

Tused to let my thoughts run back to my boylood days, when I pitched pennies and rolled marbles. Of course I couldn't heip thinking about the race at times, aithough I tried not to. The strain comes when a man is behind you. I used to watch the bosts at the slide of the track. If I was opposite one post, and the man behind me was opposite the post behind me. I'd try to waik to the post in front of me before he could walk to the post in front of me before he could walk to the post I had left. If I was ahead a few steps I'd think I was gaining, and that would urge me on to the hext post. Sometimes a man feels like dropping down and giving up, and it takes pluck, more than anything else, to keep on the track."

"And it's worse when the men walk in an un-

giving up, and it takes plack, more than anything else, to keep on the track."

And it's worse when the men walk in an uncomfortable place," said Davies. "Way, the fog was so thick over there that Davis said he was going to cut some out and send it over here in a tox. Honestly, you could almost pick it up with your hands, like snow."

You must meet some queer characters in your travels?"

Well, I should say so. They are queer ducks over there. About the queerest of 'em all were the boys and men that met us at Liverpool and gave us a reception. I should think there were at least 2,000 of 'em on the big stone dock. They all wore wooden shoes shod with iron, and when they ran after us it was clapperty, clapperty, clap for at least sx miles. A policeman shouled. "What's the do?"

Oh, only ther walkin' coves, 'was the reply.

Mrs. Lucy A. Still of this place has just passed through a most thrilling experience. Ten days ago she started from her home in this place to visit a sick son who lived on the other side of Darney Swamp, about seven miles from here. Mrs. Still is 60 years of age, but as spry ns a cricket, and she determined to walk the entire distance through this dismal swamp to her son's house, a feat she had frequently accomplished. She started at about 3 o'clock in the afternoon, and before she got half the distance a violent snow storm set in, and in a short time the road was hidden from sight. Darkness, too, soon came, and the old lady straggled from the road and became fast in a deep mire. The more she struggled the deeper she sank, until at last, weary from exertion she gave up all attempt to extricate herself, and prayed for help. She remained in this mire for a whole day and night. Then, after almost superhuman efforts, she extricated herself, and made her way to a small hemiock tree, which she climbed. She kept alive by continually moving her hands and arms. No food passed her lips for upward of 165 hours, except a few crackers she had in her pocket and some whiskey which she was taking to her son. She was compelled to quench her thirst by eating snow and drinking the vile water of the bog by which she was surrounded. She was rescued from her perious position on the seventh day of her captivity by a party of hunters who had heard her fantery of distress. She was taken to her son's house, where her mental faculties gave way, and a serious illness followed. The doctors say she will nover regain her mental powers. While fast in the mire Mrs. Still saw several bears and scores of deer, and was attacked at one time by a panther. She gave a terrible scream as the animal approached her, and he ran away. as a cricket, and she determined to walk the entire distance through this dismal swamp to

Diamond Cut Diamond.

From the Galveston News. Uncle Mose of Galveston was not noticed near the polls on election day consequently a closed striker was sent out to hunt him up. He was sitting by the fire growning dismally in his cabin. "Uncle Muse, has yer voted vitt" asked the colored chile, I wouldn't risk ketchin' cold in my lungses

all de monte; in the world, "er's one dollar to pay for your time," out man secured the subsuly, remarking to out man secured the subsuly, remarking typus a commit de buildoze on dis old migrah he weak-fley you letched a werridge for me?" it's waiting at de deah, Unice Mose.

ens. Her you friched a serridge for me?

"Hit's waiting at de doah, Uncle Mose?

"Is verywing to bring me back after I se voted?"

"Bring you trait task, Uncle Mose, kurry ap, now,"

"himme a fram foat I starts."

"Here it is, "said the emissary, producing a flash.

"Take a pull."

He pulled and asked:

"Gome to ginnie another pull when I se done voted?"

and then he pulled again.

"Yes, take another pull right now. Don't be afcard of the Book man pulled again, and wanted to know;

"Here ver get another fields bid wid ver?"

"Look heah, old man, you must low de campaign emmittees made of money. Here's yer under doiling. Now lamp in. De polls is gwine ter dose."

"Loo, chie, you makin out you is a stalesman, yah! yah! I'se been foolin' ver. I done voted de uider ticket only dis normin, vail vail yah! and the old image settled down in front of the fire and nearly chuckled his head off.

Answers to Convention.

Answers to Correspondenst.

H.—"Would" is correct
A Keader—Go to the Post Office and get a money order.
It will be cashed in Rubbin.
M. I.—From London to the nearest point in Australia,
via Siez, is about 8.022 miles.
Suskeholder—diarfedd's majority over ell the Presidential candidates in this State is 7.038. "A" therefore
lowes his bet
P. W. Dow.—There are several intelligence offices for
women in Newark and charitable succeips which try to lows his bet

F. W. Duw.—There are several intelligence offices for
women in Newark, and charitable societies which try to
und work for men, but no regular employment bureau
for men.

Samuel Quinn—The winner of the Prench Derby, as
you term it liss, was kidlert the Devil. He was ridden
by Rossiter, who also rode him when he was second for
the English Derby. ARABS IN BROOKLYN.

What One of the Unregenerate Heather, Thinks of Ballet Dancing.

A troupe of Arabs occupied the pulpit plat-

form in Plymouth Church last Wednesday. The troupe includes Selim Hashim, the Arab guide was the first to discover Livingstone in the Stanley expedition; Sheik Abou Dayeh (El Bajalee), a Bedouin reed player and dancer: Sheik Youseph Awdeh (El Ramianee), who was married when S years old and became a father at 12 years; Khawadja Yakoob (El Banzoozie), a sword dancer and tambourinist; Khawadia Yakoob (El Haweet), a player on the Syrian harn; Sheik Mohammed Suleiman (El Malowee), a whirling dervish from Bagdad, and James Rosedale and his cousin, Rebecca Rosedale, Israelites from Jerusalem. The Araba represent the Jebusites, Edomites, Moabites, and Ishmaelites. They were yesterday registered at the Mansion House in Arabic

asked whether they were all orphans. "Oh, no," said the interpreter.

"Have they brothers and fathers?" asked the Bedouin.

"Yes," he was told.

"Well," he said, "why don't they kill these girls. I would if they were my sisters before I would allow them to appear like this."

The whirling dervish is a pious Mohammedan, whose devotions, as exhibited to an audience, are said to be sincere. He is oblivious to his surroundings as he howle and whirls. In his dressing room he kisses his hat both at the rim and upon the crown when he puts it on and he takes off his shoes when he steps upon the prayer rug. It angers him to see any one with shoes on trend upon the rug, and he says he would knock such irreverent Christians down if it were safe to do so. The rug is over sold, and was stolen from a mesque. The dervish carries as his badge of office, a battle axe, descended from the Saracens and made of Damascus steel. The howling of the dervish is to signify that he is ready to serve tool with all his might, and his whriling is to indicate that he will go just where God pleases to turn him. He is a true I shmaelite, and believes that every man's hand is against him as his hand is against him as his hand is against him as his hand is against every man. The dervish is the only one of his party who cares nothing for money. Accordingly he does not sell relies or products of the East.

James Rosedale, the interpreter, of the troure, was educated at King's College, under the patronage of Horatio Bonner, the author of the hymn. What a friend I have in Jesus. His father is a learned pundit in Jerusalem.

As the Arabs appeared in their scenes of salutation, bartering, feasting, marrying, and robbing, last night, they seemed to have stepped out of a picture of Oriental scenes. The sword dance of a chieftain before his warriors as they return from battle. The dancer brandishes the sword so swiftly that he seems at times to be behind a sheet of mirror glass. El Bahzoozie's means "pap-eyes."

LONGEVITY NOTES.

Persons who have Long Since Passed the Cen-tury Birthday Anniversary. Mrs Lacey, a widow of Savannah, Ga , who is over 90 Mrs. L. W. Boggs, the granddaughter of Daniel Boom ded near Dry Creek, Cal., on Thursday, aged 07. At a colored wedding in Barnesville, Ga. the groom was 110 and the bride had just passed her 40th birthday

The oldest Democrat in the United States is John Bur-dett of South Carolina, who voted for Hancock, and is 105 years of age. sett who was buried on the 21st uit, just as he had closed a century of life.

John Bodette is the pride of Kalamazon Mich. Although 103 years of are, he is full of vitality, osnecs like a boy, and takes twelve-mile walks.

Mrs. Hawkins, aged 108, and Jennie Bradley, aged 109 still live at Charlottesvile, N. C. do their own house work, and read without the aid of glasses.

After living without enemies for 92 years. William Toney was shot and killed by Charles Aften, a negro, a Milledge yelle. Ind., for an imaginary wrong.

Eit Thorry seered the first canal heat which went caw in 1825 on the 1 re. He died in Canaloharie. N.Y., recently, and had been supported by the town for 40 years. For 105 years Melohiah; a Choctaw princess had been children to the interfinate use of tobacco. She died re dileted to the inordinate use of tobacco. She died re-could at flort City, in the Indian Territory, at the grea-age of 114 years. As soon as George Evans of Nashville, Tenn., reaches the birth year by proposes to take a bulguaget. He is now as years of age, and says he has never courted a woman in birs life.

The first white child born in what is now the city of time main was Mrs. Namy, Heath, who recently died is introduced. Ill, and so years. She also taught the first school in Pittsfield.

Prinspend, Ill, aged to years. She also taught the first school in Pittsfield.

Sent to fail for sixty days for vagrancy at the age of 92 years, is the experience of Divid Brady of Toronto, Canada. It was at 84 Heleins during the period of Napoleon's imprisonment there.

At Patchegue, L. L. Daniel Wicks passed quietly away, and 36 years. His name is a household word among the villagers for his many deeds of kindness during a residence of more than hair a century.

John Koehl of Cincinnati sed years of age, is still perfectly sound and well, and weights 201 points. His progeny consists of the chindren, twelve grandchildren, and seventient greategrandchildren, and seventient greategrandchildren, and seventient greategrandchildren, and seventient greategrandchildren, the special straight of the control of the control of the control of the control of tests, although he is now a young man, its father died recently at the age of 112.

Old Hetz, a Sourk squaw, had been successively the wife of an army officer, of an indicate the of the father should be a benefit of the control of the recently instead and consider deep control of the Peter Magazin's great loy was his violin. He had immone feet, but he could heat all far and near a cutting patient wings' and the odd-fastitioned styles of dateing. For the medical salary of \$100 per annum, Abraham L. Dickstein of Heringer, in Limburg Germany, is still leaching school at the age of 104. He is the oldest acting teached in the world, and has been a nedagogue for sixty years.

At the age of 63 Mrs. Lyman Brewer of Norwich, Corm., laid down the harness and departed. For extry years At the age of 03 Mrs. Lyman Brewer of Norwich, Conn., laid down the harness and departed. For saxty years she had taught a Sunday action class, and herself and husband established the first Sunday school in Norwich.

It was seventy years ago when Mrs. Richard Clark was married in Northampton, Mass, and sile has resided in the same house ever since. She colchrated her unresy-fifth birthday on Sunday. Her father died at 50 and her mother at 194. momer at 104.

A netive of Arkansas was never twenty miles from his birtholizes and never saw a locomotive. Yet is still a native of French sail, having been born in Arkansas three years before the cession of that territory to the United States in 1803.

Three brothers named Sherwood triplets, and all sea captains, celebrated their 70th birthday at Westport Conn. recently. They are in perfect beatth, and beat such close resemblance to each other that there is difficulty in distinguishing them spart. The greatest comfort to Asen Ward during the last vears of his life was the relating of events in which he took part in the war of 1812. He fourth under Gen. Jackson in the hattle of New Orleans. Mr. Ward died at Forthcott on Wednesday, aged 103. The most on nearestay, aged 103.
The most remarkable specimen of longevity on record is Nancy Holt a colored woman of Lynchburg, Va. She was born in Powiatan County in 1707, and is consequently 113 years of age. She received her sevened speciments thirty years ago, and can attliff read without the sid of glasses.

In Delaware County, this State, lived Pragence Lar-kin, who was never outside the results but once. Since was 100 years of age when she doed but had been any line for the change for litteen years. A soil 80 years of age, a preacher in the South, came to visit his mother just be-lors her decease. Robert Walcot of Philadelphia is a centenarian who

claims under oath to have fired the fatal butle suled Gen Mr Isaac Brook the illustrous British mander who captured Sen. Hulfs army at Betton war of 1812 and foil at the head of his (190ps ) battle of Queenstown, Nov. 12 of inat year. war of 1812, and fell at the head of the troops in the buttle of Queenslawn, Nov. 12 of that year.

Old Eve entered died on the farm on which she was form. She was formerly a slave in the Vanderpoet family, and said to be a woman of wonterful ability. She was on accomplished betteress and har culter, and acted as the barber of her old master for more than thirty years. She died near Einderhook on Saturday, agod 98. The only survivor of a party of ladies who assisted in the construction of the "Star-Spannied Banner," which surred up the particular fire of Francis S. Key and created a national anthem. Nrs. H. S. Banderson, is living in Baltimore, She is 33 years of age, retains much personal beauty, and is cheerful, active, and trimital of patrolian.

The fley, Father George Brophy of Davenport, lows, was on terms of intimacy with Presidents Truer, Polk, Filmore, Buchanan, Pierce, and Lincoln. He was prostent in the French, Spanish. Itahan, and Emilish languages. He knew Dation, Robespierce, and Marat control flegs in the Relign of Terror, of 1784 in France, and spoke of them as "human firsts without parallel in history." He died in October, aged 100 years.